# ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

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#### BUSINESS DIRECTORY. BARTON. W. L. ROBINSON, A TTORNEY AT LAW.

C. A. ROBINSON & CO. DEALERS IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR.

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PERCIVAL & FORSATTH THALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS | But the twilight wind plays with the boat at will, C. V. PRECEVAL F. T. FORMATTH.

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E. F. DUTTON. UCCESSOR TO WM. JOSLYN & SONS, DEALER a Drugs, Modicines, Dys Stuffs, Paints, Oils, Ja Turpentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Gir utty, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods.

MISCELLANEOUS,

A TTORNEY AT LAW, Barton Landing, Vermont. I E DWINELL

CAN BE FOUND AT J. E. DWINELL'S SHOP a good stock of Furniture of all kinds; also a good and well selected stock of Carpets, Boom Paper, Picture Frames, Plain and Gill-Edge Cortains, and Fixtures to match. A nice lot of Baby Cabe, with Canopy Top if you like. Good stock of Coffins and Casket all will be sold low for each or approved credit. It will but he test on prices. Glover, Vt. 4-251

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Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, \$2-1 Barton Landing, Vt. DR. O. A. BEMIS. H OMGOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Confidence, Vermont.

Rapid and Excellent Grinding.

1876. 1776. CENTENNIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Black Cashinery

OPENING OF

### New Spring Goods!

NW-BULLEY & TETROPES

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BARTON, VERMONT.

We take pleasure in informing and Elegant Styles of Spring Goods

and invite an inspection of our

Barton, April 1st, 1876.

## Heminway's History

#### VERMONT!

The squeeriber having taken the agency for the sale a Orleans County of HEMINGWAY'S RISTORICAL GAZETTEER OF VERMONT, complete in four voltiastical and Biographical), from their Verment so complete. It being a Vermont book, costing a rast amount of labor and money, and so low it, that all ought to avail themselves of a copy. I expect to be in each town during this figuring and bummer and will be pleased to take your enters, or if any one wishes the work before I call please address E. B. SIMONDS.

THE OLD CANOE.

BY ALBERT PIRE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shores are steep. And the waters below look dark and deep-Where the rugged pine, in its lonely pride Leans gloomlly over the murky tide; Where the reeds and rushes are long and lank And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank; Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,

Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm has lopped, And crossed on the railing, one o'er one. Like folded hands when the work is done. TOUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER While busily back and forth between The spider stretches his silvery screen. And the solemn owl, with his dull too-whoo, Settles down on the side of the old conoc

The stern, half sunk in the slimy wave. Rots slowly away in its living grave, And the green moss creeps o'er its dull deca ACHINIST AND GUSTOM BLACKSMITH. Hiding its monifering dust away Lake the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower, Or the ivy that mantles the falling tower: While many a blossem of loveliest hue Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

> The currentless waters are dead and still. And lazily in and out again It foats the length of the rusty chain, Like the weary march of the hands of time. That meet and part at the poontide chime.

And the shore is kissed at each turning anew By the dripping bow of the old canoe O, many a time, with cossless hand, I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,

Where the whirls are wild and the eddles are thick, And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side And looked below in the broken tide, To see that the boats and faces were two That were mirrored back from the old enno-But now, as I tean o'er the crumbling side. And look below in the sluggish tide, The face that I see there is graver grown, And the laugh that I hear to a soher tone And the hands that lent to the light skill wings Have grown familiar with sterner things; But I love to think of the hours that sped As I rocked where the whirls their white apray shed Ere the blossom waved or the green grass grew

O'er the mouldering stern of the old cance. MY SHIP COMES IN.

> BY JOAQUIN MILLER. And I am glad as glad can be. Oh! I have kissed my love to-night And all life seems one calm delight, My ship comes in, my ship comes in,

My ship comes salling up the sea, And life is like a dream to me. The stars look larger than before; Of Paradise seems opened wide As you church door for my fair bride. My ship comes in, my ship comes in. My ship comes climbing up the sea. And land and sea are fair to me I know full well in my ship's hold Lie neither gorgeous sliks nor gold :

But oh! I know my love loves me, And sak no more of land or sea. My ship comes in, my ship comes in, And I am glad as glad can be.

"Can a politician be honest ?"-Ex. Can a potato wink ?- Danbery News. A timid person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterward.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up quarters with the family, replied: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford ivery convanience | me than that ?" that a pig can require ?"

Dr. Vander Weyde says a first-rate article of jelly can be made from old boots. And almost any printing office can furnish enough old boots to make a barrel of that sort of jelly.

Mark Twain, speaking of a new mos quito netting writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully, while the discomfited flies club together and take it out of the minister."

A man in town vesterday with no hair and a bullet hole in the calf of his left leg, says he is satisfied that there is gold in the Black Hills. He also says he is satisfied that there are Indians in the Black Hills .- Chicago Times.

"My son," said an affectionate mother to her son, who resided at a little distance, and expected in a short time to be married, "you are getting very thin." "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am, and its grand excitement, the grind and when I come next I think you will see whirl, the boom and splash, of the mad

The few men who are still earnest advocates of the theory that lager beer does not intoxicate, still cling fondly to the good old custom of winding the clock at two a. m. with a hair brush.

Now is the time for lovers to get spoony over ice cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corn beef and cabbage across the table.

hand upon the other's shoulder, sudden-You that we are now receiving New ly asked, "My friend, are you a Christian ?" "No, sir," answered the startled

Internation will the present time—the only History of as regards health, but for enjoyment we Up to the rafters he climbed nimbly compositions," and he did not gain a gratitude." remember one night when it took us four by certain foot-holds not very visible, glimpse of her. believ according to the amount of taker and meney, and so sow hours to walk a mile. It happened, and brought down, with a flying leap At noon the next day the mother of of the maps, and her instinctive conhowever, that the old folks had gone to that startled Miss Thatcher to her feet flaxen-haired Nettie, pet of the baby struction of one particular map which camp meeting, and she had the night in nervous apprehension for his safety, a class, came with Nettie's luncheon, ac- she had studied at the very last reading the song that can never more belong to key, and, as far as health was concerned, dusty volume, which he gallantly wiped companied by the indefatigable young in the old mill.

None to Caress.

that escaped her lips; and they were ap- show connection with the writing. palm, and "hoped he saw Miss Thatcher and Esau." quite well."

"Supper's bin ready this half hour," ed Louisa in the porch.

him, an' take a day off."

parlor, where Miss Thatcher was bid in his twenty-sixth year. "take off her things," the young lady ma'am want with two big trunks ?" and read the volume to its close. the audible information, "I've filled your | Not one-excepting Miss Thatcher. ation. bell'll ring at six."

be, the over-wearied girl-homesick to her heart's core-crept into bed.

She lighted a match and glanced at her watch. Only nine o'clock, and the world still wide-awake. A burst of hilarious laughter arose from the kitchen below. where the returned fishermen were scaling their fish. From the house beyond the orchard came the tinkling of a piano and a thin, sharp female voice practiced gingerly a song just then come into

"No one to love, none to caress, Traveling alone through life's wilderness.

"My serenade," thought Louisa, as she tried in vain to recompose herself to sleep. "Could any words express me better? An orphan, without brother or sister, penniless, nearly friendless, the one being that I loved and adored gone from me forever. 'No one to love, none to caress.' Could anything be truer of

The village school children were enchanted with their new teacher. She was gentle and firm, interesting and companionable. There was not a sunny day all summer when some of them did not come after school to take her with them to Red Cedar Pond, the holiday

rendezvous of the country round. If the afternoon proved rainy, and this juvenile escort failed, Miss Thatcher, wrapping herself in water-proof, and taking a book with her, would go down the orchard's steep bank to the old mill. She "made friends" with Tim, the miller's boy, and Bill Bowles, the miller, and "the old deacon," the prehistoric proprietor of the premises, who had not failed a day these fifty years to look in, rain

or shine, to see "if things was to rights." She found a love of a corner where, through the cracks under the great beams, she could see the water wildly rushing, and where she could hear, in flood whose sound up on the hill yonder assumed such a drowsy monotone.

"You be so fond of readin', miss," would take a shine to a curus book we leave the book with you gladly." have got 'ere. There wus a time when all the vistors to Red Cedar Pond cum stood in the gospel tent busily taking he died afore my time. I'm a stranger will feel a little love for him. notes. Dr. Tyng came up, and laying his in these parts. I wus reared twelve At church on Sunday the claimant of

note taker, "I'm-I'm only a reporter." anot yit. Folks is too sup'stitious. There her, that his thoughts were studying her tenderness. A New Jersey editor lost his best gold be sum who say it never will be called through and through.

we really didn't care if it took all night. upon his coat sleeve and offered. man, who was then formally presented Leonard Mansfield's cheek flushed as

There had been a summer shower; red pages of yellow letter paper stitched way to school and the way from school, serve to be tested, and so it shall be. roof, window, garden, were washed to together by the dozen sheets, and finally walking slowly along the high-road and But first promise me one thing: promise

dazzling polish, and the wonderful liquid bound in a wrap of black leather. Writ- the pretty wood path that closed it, and me that if this miracle of intuition couleur de rose of the moment poured ten in a fine, pointed hand, difficult to giving each other gradually, with all proves true, you will be my wife to-morover all an air of enchantment. The slen- read at first, but once mastered in its the trustful facility of youth and irresist- row. My darling, you shall not say whom the stalwart proprietor of the awk- ing this peculiarity: on almost every of their young lifetimes. At evening he lover-like way from saying anything. ward vehicle lifted down like a feather page, mixed in with the text, were maps care to see her. accepted her dreaded destination with a carefully drawn and dotted, inclosed in And, then, what happened? All'at "How lovely!" were the first words any figures or marginal references to where Louisa boarded became as rosily

propriated as a fitting compliment by a "I am one of two brothers," the nar- the glory of the western heavens the twin houses on the "Meeting-house Hill" rustily elad man, who seized the little rative commenced, "in all points as un- hour of Miss Thatcher's arrival. In a at five o'clock in the morning. Miss has been a member of the Legislature gloved hand vigorously, in his horny like, from the moment of birth, as Jacob more magical couleur de rose, the fun- Tabitha Butts stood in her night dress and of the Governor's Council, and has

was the laconic and not amiable saluta- of an unhappy childhood, unloved as and branches brought into it as memention of Mr. Seaman's spouse, who receiv- childhood could be, an adolescence utter- toes of darling walks and drives, but "An' the boys is gone fishin', you see," a page of atheistical tirade against the love-dreams. said the host. "When Solon's to hum inequality of fortune and the bitter tyr-After tea, served in a narrow white- and business connections in South Amer- genius of Mrs. Seaman into "an extra,"

So far, and a little farther, the manubegged to be shown to her own room, script bore marks of having been read . . Mansfield. "Were it not for one considand was led up stairs to a low-windowed pages were dog-eared, and there was an eration and one conviction, I should nevbedroom, carpeted with braided rags, occasional thumb print. But the style er be able to finish. The consideration and furnished with reddened pine and was so dull and monotonous, and the de- is for your sake, because you like it, to the high-road. Miss Tabitha was sequently Sunday, June 25, made her calico counterpanes. The luggage had tail so lacking in adventure, that not one Louisa; the conviction was the founda- sure, although his cap was drawn over just a century old. In 1785, her parbeen pushed in with a mental ejaculation of "the visitors at Red Cedar Pond" had tion of my coming to claim the record. his face, that this man was the young ents removed to Fairlee, Vt., while a few -"What on earth can a distric' school- been inspired with sufficient curiosity to When my uncle's will was read seven stranger to the village who had been so years later they came to this town which

pitcher. Here's a candle. The git-up She read every page carefully, even with

With as slight preparation as might | One Saturday morning-a beautiful sonal history, they will find my diary | the church, down the plum orchard, to | ness, who was one of the most celebrated She awoke with a start. The room diary had become so absorbing-Miss J-county, Connecticut. Personal ap. had cold shivers; she could think of died in 1822, and she did not marry a Wednesday of last week. Two persons was quite dark; a cool damp mountain Thatcher was early in her favorite place plication to be made to Deacon Treat or nothing but a grave. When, two hours second time. Of the seven children she wind rushed through the epen windows. at the old mill, when Tim, with a sur- Squire Wells.' The heirs noted this di- afterward, the coast being clear, she has borne only two are now living-Rusprisingly long face, accosted her in a rection with indifference. startling whisper:

"The manscrip's bin called fur." it gone ?" she asked, faintly.

antly, well satisfied with "the start" he capital to commence law practice. I had

low," said Miss Thatcher.

margin of one of the sallow pages-a | tle?"" page she turned over leaf after leaf especially to find-

Hardly had she written this when the new world of love and loving. sound of a crutch was heard on the mill

darkened by two figures. nanuscript in her hands. "I am sure you have come for this,"

she said to the old deacon. Then she glanced at his companion. He could certainly bear no relation to know," she said, softly. "I "the curusest spesmin of a human cre- there. I could not help it. "Twas the

tur" described by Tim as the author of tribute of my sympathy." the diary. She caught the impression, - He turned to her very earnestly in her rapid glance, of a scholarly look- Something in the tremulous sensitiveness ing young man, with a pale forehead and of her face smote his heart painfully. a dark mustache, who wore eveglasses. ord left here so many years ago," the of infinite tenderness. young man explained. "But I have no reason to carry it away at this moment. I shall be in the village over the Sabbath, perhaps through the week. If you in that diary. First of all' you know,

"Oh no," said Miss Thatcher, quickly -too quickly she afterward thought; down to take a look at it; but it's grown but embarrassment, or fate, urged rusty like. A hand-writ book, miss-a her to decline the stranger's politeness. in his complaint against Heaven. Alone manscrip sum folks calls it. It b'longs, She was going, and as she went an in the world. Sometimes that happens." you might say, to Bowles's Mill, for it uncontrollable impulse caused her to wus left with 'the old deacon,' to be turn back and say, "If you are kindred

An autobiography, not so very old, for to Miss Thatcher.

its closing date was 1847. Four hund- From that time they met daily on the reasoning is sufficiently plausible to de-

neatly ruled parallelograms, but without once the dismal interior of the old house transfigured as its exterior had been by ereal parlor blushed into a boudoir ; Then followed, interspersed with the the low-windowed bed-room blossomed incomprehensible maps, a brief history into beauty, not only with all the buds ly unblessed and dissatisfied; and after with the subtile efflorescent unfolding of

oped into a descriptive diary of travels dim lamp, dignified by the mercenary

years ago, one clause struck my imagin-

interested in me to inquire into my per- pered; and he went, around by way of formed by Rev. Robert Fowle of Holdersunny morning, for rainy days could no | in the old mill where it was written, at longer be waited for, the interest of the Red Cedar Pond, twelve miles from U-.

"My share of the legacies took me through college-as my father, one of Miss Thatcher turned quite pale. "Is the dearest and noblest of men, but never fortunate in money-making, could not "No. miss, not gone," said Tim, radi- afford-and furnished me with a small had given her; "not tuk away when you more than one compunctious thought wus a-readin' on't. Catch me ! Says I, about my benefactor. It seemed to me Sir. you must bring a written order.' a shame to accept such benefits from a noient dwelling of old Squire Wells. age of ninety-seven she gave up daily tendance of the police and firemen pre-So he went up the hill to the old dea- man in whom I had not even sufficient Mr. Mansfield had been closeted with labor, as she says, "just to please the con's-that was yisterday. He'll be here interest to acquaint myself with his per- him an hour. And when the squire re- children." She has experienced but very fur certain to-day. But you've got the sonal history. This year, when I became appeared he nearly upset his ancient little sickness, and she now retires early is the fifth or sixth explosion which has manscrip, miss, to look at once agin, any for the first time encouragingly estab. wife in the hallway in haste to get his and is "up with the lark," and break- taken place since the work began three way. Catch me a-givin' on't up till I lished in my profession, I determined to hat and coat, and choked till he was fasts with the family. As she takes her years ago, but none of the others were commence my vacation by looking up scarlet, screaming into her wrong ear foed at the table there is not the slight-"Tim, you are a very good, kind fel- the neglected diary. I confess I do not that he was going to U- "on bizniss!" est indication of trembling nerves. find myself inspired by its revelation. Off he went at such a novel pace that | She sat for her picture Monday, at She took the manuscript, and it was What did you find, dear Louisa, to kinthen that, before she had read a word, dle you into the request that has hauntshe wrote in fine pencil mark upon the ed me. I hope you will love him a lit-

Thatcher, sighing so sorrowfully, as she had not done since she had entered her

Worlds of what, my dearest?" asked bridge, and voices, and in another mo- the light-hearted young lawyer. He was ment the sunny doorway of the mill was clasping her hand in one of his as he spoke, and with the other he turned ab-There was no escape for Louisa. She sently the leaves of the time-stained book crose from her love of a corner, with the that lay on the table. A little bit of hand-writing that he knew struck his vision; it was the line on the margin,

Miss Thatcher saw it too. "Yes, I

Tears started to his eyes. He folded "I believe I am the owner of the rec- his strong arm around her with a sense

"Let me tell you," she said, disengaging herself from his embraces, "what a strange thing I found, or thought I found said Tim, the miller's boy, "mebbe you have not finished reading it, I shall I was drawn singularly into rapport with the writer by my own sad loneliness. I felt the depth of meaning in his complaint. Yes," she said, trembling, "I must confess, and I do repent, even And here let it be explained to the

reader that by an accident in the cradle kept till called fur, an' wus writ by the to the man who wrote the book, 'twill the writer of the diary had been made of witnesses to the simple, solemn service, and pressed forward to see Mrs. Cox as he has done it well .- N. Y. Times. A few nights ago, as a young man curusest spesmin of a human cretur; but make you very sad. I hope-I hope you physically repellant, and his sensitive and of the coming down the aisle, on the she entered and as she came out of the the Bowles's Mill manuscript appeared sympathies of all mankind. As for aside for purest white, and day-hillies on Mark's church of Ashland, and of Trin-"And no one has called for the book?" in a conspicuous pew, and Louisa Thatch- womankind, he knew not-for his mother her bosom. "Not yit," said Tim, mysteriously- er felt, even when he was not looking at died of his birth-even its maternal

pen and holder a few days ago. After for till the old deacon' lies aside o' the On Monday morning, as she trudged on, "you will think me, perhaps, the commercial city, preceded by their good tory of Mrs. Cox and made some remarks making a thorough search all over the cretur who writ it. He died suddin, an' along the high-road to the school-house, most superstitious being; but I think- fortune in shape of a strong box filled appropriate to the remarkable occasion. office, and accusing a dozen tramps of its wus buri'd up in the deacon's buri'l lot. she met him and he evidently expected and the idea has gained some reasonable with Spanish doubloons and English The commemorative exercises at the theft, he happened to remember where An' sum say he wusn't buri'd, but is a recognition; but intent upon the ne- pleas-I can not help thinking that this bank-notes ingeniously bequeathed by an old homestead occurred, last Monday, he last placed it, and bending down the gone a sea v'yage, an'll come back ; an' cessity of absolute dignity in "a district book is framed as a mode of bequest. I eccentric misanthrope, and discovered in and there was a large attendance of reltop of his ear, discover no less than four- sum say he's been seed bodily round school-ma'am," she vouchsafed him none. believe the writer, your father's brother, its hiding-place by a woman's wit, kin- atives, connections and friends. Floral teen penholders of various styles which Bowles's Mill moonlight nights. But you "She blushed, though," the young stung with the bitter thought that his dled by a woman's sympathy.

And silence is "ves" to love. The last day of August the whole village of Red Cedar Pond was thrown

he listened. At the close he said, "Your

into a torment of excited curiosity. The excitement began in one of the

the miller's boy, creep stealthily around you-the more the better." And "I find it so dull," said Leonard his mouth and gave a low whistle. Immediately from the horse shed by the church a man came very quickly, and, nodding to Tim as he passed, hastened Preston, Conn., June 25, 1776, and coninfatuated with Miss Thatcher.

Then Miss Thatcher came to the door " 'If any of my heirs feel sufficiently again and beckoned to Tim, and whis-

A pickaxe and a spade! Miss Tabitha | times in New England. Her husband sped across the garden patch to the sell, above mentioned, and Mrs. Colley "meetin'-house shed,"her fancy lost none of Holderness. of its horrors, for there, in the northeast

the poor dame's feeble faculties aroused Plymouth, and as she left the artist's give his candid appearance of Gen. Wash-

there's no ind o' damage." general delivery, directed to the trustees spectators. of the district school, which body, being Mrs. Cox's brothers and sisters, who ly fine. I have heard my mother say in quorum on the spot, opened at once are now dead, all lived to be aged peo- that the first time she saw him, he enterhad kindly given her the preference.

haired Nettie's mother, a pleasant-faced Preston, Conn., was a captain in a regi- actly as Stuart's picture represented little widow, to whom Tim, who had ment of Connecticut volunteers in the him. - Jane Stuart in Scribner for July. ridden to U- and back again at break- Revolutionary war. Mrs. Cox herself neck speed, brought a note from the remembers how at the age of five years he would sup with her that evening, "if ary soldier. I looked into Mrs. Cox's that so upset the good widow's brain as lons neatness with her own hands. The

of the day, was the ringing, at four o'clock in the afternoon, of the meetinghouse bell. "Who is dead?" every one asked, as the first few slow strokes were counted : but once fairly set going, the old bell tripped up all calculations: fifty,

the Millbridge Road! There was no lack in the church-yard and under the trees, him shows that in some respects at least soul exaggerated his misfortune into a arm of her proud young husband; of a house, barrier between himself and the loving delicate little bride, with mourning laid

leisure were the two loving people who theme from a Scripture text being "Old "Leonard dear," Miss Thatcher went took the evening train at U- for a far Age." In closing he gave a brief his-

he had lost during the past two years. | needn't be scared, miss. The book is man reflected, consolingly. That eve- hard-earned fortune would be spent by In one of the happiest of homes, set It is said that if a man is walking for nat'ral harmless. An' if you say so, I'll ning he called at Mr. Seaman's with one those who never knew or cared for him, apart upon a low embroidery-draped pe- Monday afternoon, and the great kitchhealth and enjoyment, four miles an git it fur you this minit, an' when you of the village dignitaries, but the desire devised a method by which a part at destal that looks at first glance like a en was packed with tables, which were hour is the best guit. This may be true are through readin' on't, I'll put it back." of his eyes was "up stairs correcting least should be the reward of affectionate prie-dieu, lies, yellow with age, the long. literally heaped with tempting viands. neglected diary.

moment of her life she accepted as hers

CENTENNIAL BIRTHDAY CELE-

following, which will be of interest to ry E. Blair of Blackstone square, Bosmany in Orleans and Caledonia counties: ton, Mr. Gershem Cheney of Rutland, event of so great interest has occurred Mrs. Post of Rutland, Vt., and many der young woman in deep mourning idiosyncrasy, legible at ease. And hav- ible attraction, the confidential histories 'No.'" He prevented her, indeed, in a in the quiet town of Holderness, N. H., others. No one seemed to enjoy the comas the one hundredth birthday of Mrs. pany more thoroughly than the centena-

The head of the household, Hon. Rus- of buying a suitable commemorative sell Cox, is nearly seventy-seven years present for Mrs. Cox. old and is one of the best known and most respected citizens of the town. He peeping through the blinds of a dormer- filled many other important public posiwindow. She never could tell, as she tions. We met him at the door a perdeclared afterward, what made her peep. feet stranger, but we had no sooner an-She saw the back-door of "Dick Sea- nounced our mission than he gave us a man's" open, and Louisa Thatcher look | good, hearty, farmer's shake of the hand mysteriously out. Then she saw Tim, and said : "Come right in, glad to see One evening the young couple were the porch with a pickaxe and a spade, course we went in and we found the from grammar school, Ezri's sure to jine anny of fate, the personal history devel- sitting in Mr. Seaman's parlor by the which he gave to Miss Thatcher, who house crowded with relatives and friends showing thereby their confidence on their disappeared with them into the house. including not only a large delegation of ability to whip the command, retired. Then Tim, stealing back again as far as the solid people of Holderness and Plywashed ante-room to the stiff funereal lea, whither the writer had immigrated looking together over the mill manu- the lilac bushes, and cautiously survey- mouth, but representatives of culture ing all approaches, put his hand over and wealth, from Vermont, Massachusetts, Iowa and other states.

Before marriage Mrs. Cox was Miss Hannah Stanton, and she was born in has since been her home. At the age of of Holderness, the ceremony being perof the Episcopal ministers of the older

When young, Mrs. Cox was a slender corner, was a space of fresh-turned and graceful woman, and she retains her good looks and mental faculties to a very Miss Tabitha went home, put on her remarkable degree. She converses easisunbonnet, and was "down to the village | ly and intelligently, and reads very distinctly and clearly. She has been a very The next excitement was at the som- active and temperate woman, and at the

themselves to concentrate upon one fatal room there were stairs to descend, and ington's appearance. He said that his remembrance: "When an old horse that her son offered to assist her, but she po- figure was by no means good; that his has allers walked takes to runnin' away litely declined the courtesy, and said : shoulders were high and narrow, and his "And now, Russell, you think I can't hands and feet remarkably large. He Excitement third was a sealed letter, go down stairs alone," and in a minute, had "aldermanic proportions;" and this dropped by Mr. Seaman's Ezri into the as it were, she made the descent safely, defect was increased by the form of the post-office at ten o'clock, the hour of and greatly to the amusement of the vest of that day. But with all these

the resignation of Miss Thatcher in ple. Her father, Mr. Stanton, and three ed the hall door, as she passed from the favor of the highly recommended candi- of his brothers, were all alive when the entry to the parlor, and she thought him date for the winter term, to whom they youngest was 80 years old. She is of the most superb-looking person she had Welsh descent, and her father, Isaac W. ever seen. He was then dressed in black Excitement fourth attacked flaxen- Stanton of Stonington, and afterward of velvet, with white lace ruffies, etc., ex-Congregational minister of U-, saying she knit a pair of socks for a Revolutionagreeable," as he was coming to Red | bedroom in the pleasant southwest cor-Cedar Pond "in virtue of his office," a per of the house, where many of the arsentence underlined like a pleasantry, ticles of furniture are kept with scruputo spoil the count of her one-two-three- snowy linen sheets on her bed were woven by herself before she was married, Last of all, and the grand excitement and now bear the initials that she put on more than three-fourths of a century

Mrs. Cox attended the afternoon se vices at the ancient Trinity church near her home, Sunday, and sat in the same seat that she used to occupy when Receighty, a hundred; still on; quickly, tor Fowle was the minister. The event jubilantly-ringing not for the dead, but called out an inmense crowd of people. for the living: ringing for a wedding! only a very few of whom could get in- popular demand for better government, Such a scampering as there was up side of the edifice. The others gathered and the bitterness of the opposition to Rev. Howard F. Hill, rector of St.

ity of Holderness, conducted the servic- lie?" Her husband's name is John, and Not married in haste to repent at es. He gave a very able discourse, his

presents were made in great profusion. The old fashioned dinner came off on

The floral decorations on the festive She explained to him then her theory Not in vam had the once homeless or- board were very fine. Mrs. Cox had the phan suffered. Not in vain at one dark position of honor, and grace was said by Rev. Mr. Hill. Among those present and Caledonia counties in Vt., Henry of the liquor law.

Calley and family of Newton, Mass., Edwin Collins of Boston, H. M. Stanton We copy from the Boston Journal the and family of St. Albans, Vt., Miss Ma-"It has been many years since an Vt., who was brought up by Mrs. Cox. Hannah Cox, which transpired Monday, rian. After the dinner a handsome contribution was taken up for the purpose

> A despatch from Cheyenne, June 23, says : Gen. Cook's command left camp on the morning of the 16th inst, with four day's ration and struck across the Rosebud, a branch of the Yellowstone, on Montana, Following down this creek next morning about five miles, the Snake and Crow scouts brought word from the front that the Sioux were in force at the Hills, and by 8:30 o'clock the command was in position and an extensive fire was inaugurated along the bluffs to the north of the creek. The enemy, who had begun the attack, and As the soldiers and allies advanced, the Sioux, all well mounted and well armed charged in number at times, and were prodigal in the use of ammunition. The fight lasten four hours, when the enemy retired out of sight at every

Gen. Crook reports nine white men killed and fifteen wounded in the Third Cavalry, two wounded in the Second Cavalry, three wounded in the Fourth Infantry, anr Capt. Henry, of the Third Cavalry, severly wounded in the face. The loss of the Indians cannot be estimated, but thirteen dead bodies were 22 years she was married to Robert Cox left on the field, and many had been

> The torpedo factory of D. Woolf, situated on the shores of Newark Bay, at fie explosion at three o'clock P. M. on were killed instantly, two were fatally injured, and eight others were terribly cut, burned, and lacerated. There were in the building at the time eighteen persons engaged in packing paper caps, such as are used by children on toy pistols, and one of the boys, supposed to have been young Zeickle, dropped a box which he had packed, the concussion causing the general explosion. The building caught fire, but the prompt atbuilding was torn to pieces, the roof being raised from its support. This attended with any fatal results.

I once heard my father, in a private conversation with Washington Allston drawbacks, his appearance was singular-

At Salt Lake City on Thursday last seven prisoners broke out of the Penitentiary after capturing the guard, securing all their guns, pistols and ammunition, together with three horses, and escaped. Harrison Carter, acting as cook in the Penitentiary, was shot and will probably die. It is rumored that the Warden was killed, but this lacks confirmation. Among the escaped prisopers are several who were instrumental in the killing of Capt. Bergher, the former Warden.

But yet Mr. Tilden is, rightfully enough, the strongest candidate among those who will, in the first instance, be presented at St. Louis. He, at least, has done something which responds to the

A woman cured her husband of staving out late nights by going to the door when he came home, and whispering through the keyhole : "Is that you, Wilhe stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver

The total earnings of the New Hampshire State prison in 1875, were \$36,-399 yielding a profit of \$20,598. Owing to the hard times, the contract price of labor per day has been reduced from ninety-five to sixty-three and one-half.

All who are disposed to betake themselves to God under the crook in their lot may take comfort in this; let them know that there is no crook in their lot but may be made straight; for God made it, surely-then he can mend it.

A fund of \$100,000 has been subwere Benjamin Stanton and famity of scribed in New Hampshire. The inter-Iowa, twenty-four persons from Orleans est is to be used in prosecuting violators

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